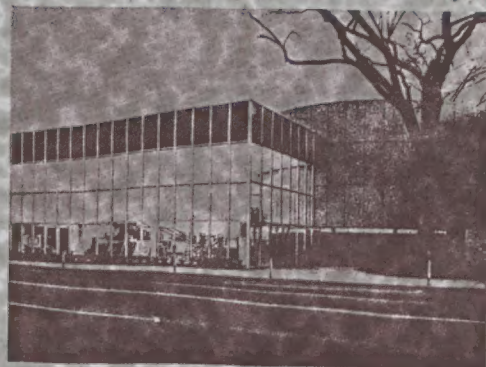


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VOLUME TWO

1904

The Edinburg

*The purpose firm, which cannot fail,
Courage which will not, cannot quail,
These, the high qualities which those
Must have who pluck the Alpine Rose*



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
The Presbyterian College for Women
CHARLOTTE, N. CAROLINA

Preface

THIS, the second edition of the "EDELWEISS," comes before the public at the repeated and urgent requests of both Faculty and Student Body.

Though the first edition met with such a storm of applause, it is with fear and trembling that we send the present one out on its unknown career.

The time allotted has been limited, the editors overworked, and these disadvantages have been heightened by our youth and inexperience. In view of these facts we trust that critics will deal with it as leniently as possible and will overlook all errors.



LOVINGLY DEDICATED

TO

ELIZABETH WEBB LONG

AND

MILDRED CABELL WATKINS



Miss Elizabeth Webb Long

DAUGHTER of the late Dr. Osmond Long, of Hillsboro, was born and reared in and near that historic old town. Educated in a private home school, at Edgeworth, or Greensboro, and by the Misses Nash and Miss Kolloch, in Hillsboro. By the death of her father she was early thrown upon her own resources for support. She began to teach at the old C. F. I. under Mrs. Margaret Anna Burwell, when a girl of seventeen. She has taught in Concord, at Peace Institute, in Statesville College, and for many years in Charlotte, with Rev. W. R. Atkinson; in Public Schools; five years Principal of Charlotte Seminary; three years President of P. C., and has since been associated with Dr. Bridges in the same.



Miss Mildred Cabell Watkins

WAS born in Montreat, Virginia, her father being the well-known Rev. S. W. Watkins. After receiving her preparatory education, she entered the Mary Baldwin Seminary, where she graduated. The next few years were spent in teaching private schools, thereby gaining experience for higher work. She then accepted a position in a college at Louisville, West Virginia. From there she went to Due West, South Carolina. For six years she taught there, loved and esteemed by her fellow-members of the Faculty and by all who knew her. It was with genuine regret that they received her resignation, but with pleasure that the Faculty of the Presbyterian College for Women enrolled her as one of their number. Although her busy life has been crowded with its duties as a teacher, she has found time for additional work, such as teaching a Bible class every Wednesday afternoon for the ladies of the city; writing many interesting stories for religious newspapers, and a "Primer of American Literature."

Her skill and ability as an instructor, her example as a true woman, and her ennobling influence combine to make her one of the chief pillars of the school, which congratulates itself in being able to claim her as one of its number.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER 10th—School opened
 SEPTEMBER 11th—Silver Tea given by Alumnae
 NOVEMBER 9th—Students' Recital
 NOVEMBER 13th—Town Boys' Reception
 NOVEMBER 20th—Musical Faculty Concert
 NOVEMBER 26th—Thanksgiving—A number of "P. C." girls accept invitations to Davidson
 DECEMBER 3rd—Parlor Musicales
 DECEMBER 18th—Gamma Sigma Reception
 DECEMBER 20th—Y. W. C. A. Special Christmas-Tide Service
 DECEMBER 21st—Students' Concert
 DECEMBER 22nd—Christmas Holidays
 JANUARY 15th—Pillow-dex Party
 FEBRUARY 5th—Pierian Banquet
 FEBRUARY 12th—Davidson Reception
 FEBRUARY 24th, 3 p. m.—Joint Meeting of Faculty and Student Body
 MARCH 4th—Field Day
 MARCH 5th—Miss Wyser Entertains Seniors
 MARCH 28th—Miss Long Entertains Seniors
 APRIL 12th—Easter
 MAY 1st—Senior Break Ride
 MAY 18th—Reception by Societies
 MAY 15th—Baccalaureate Sermon
 MAY 16th—Senior Class Day
 MAY 16th—Annual Concert
 MAY 17th—Graduating Exercises
 MAY 18th—Farewell to "P. C."

Editorial Staff

CARRIE POTTS, *Editor-in-Chief*
MARY MCNEELY, *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*
MARY BAIRD, *Business Manager*

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KATE WALTERS
FRANCES THORNTON
SALLIE DIXON
COURTNEY IRVING

BURGIN PRESNELL
ELVA MCDOWELL
MARY JUNKIN
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RACHEL HOWERTON

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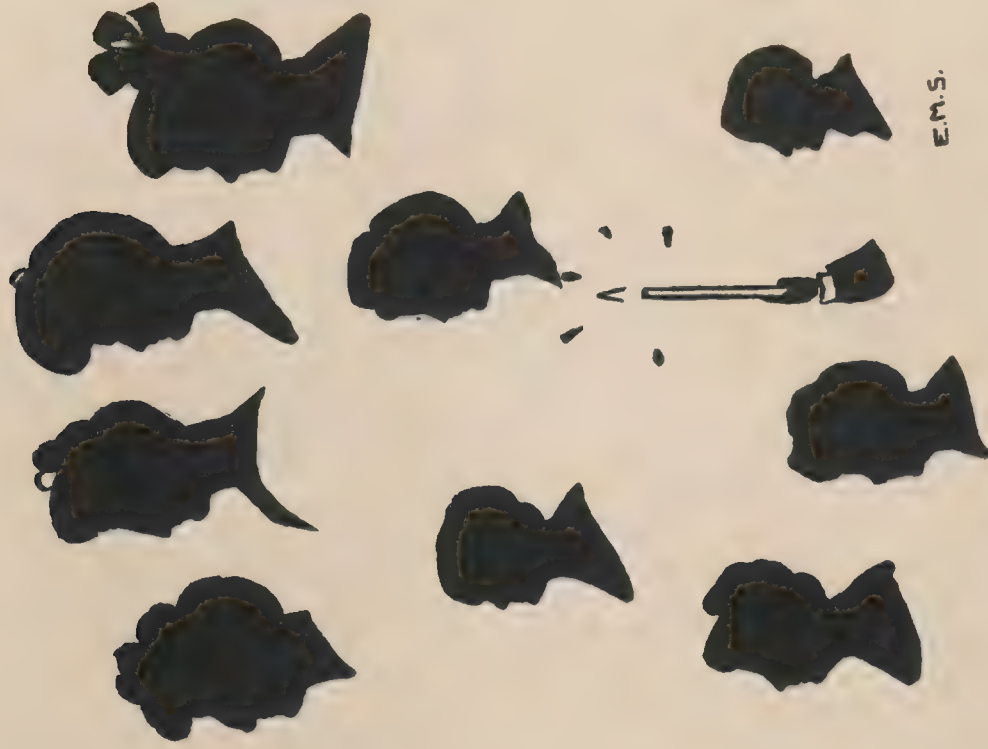
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ETHEL SMITH

ATHA HICKS
BLEEKER REED
HELEN BRIDGES



O.L.B. Co.

EDITORIAL STAFF



E.M.S.

ANTHONY	WYSOR	DAVIS	MARTIN
TYLER	WATKINS	KIBBE	BRIDGES
	GREY		



Music Directory

Musical Director

DR. CHARLES R. FISHER

Piano

DR. C. R. FISHER

MRS. FISHER

Vocal

MISS M. L. MITCHELL

Piano

MISS GEORGIA BENNESON

MRS. STEWART

Violin

MRS. FISHER

Famous Sayings of Famous People

DR. BRIDGES—"That's the point exactly. Now I want the class to get it clear in their minds."

MISS LONG—"Remember that the honor of the Presbyterian College is in your keeping."

MISS WYSOR—"Whatever made you do such a thing?"

MISS MARTIN—"That is your misfortune, and not my fault."

MISS WATKINS—"Now that *is* something to be glad about."

MISS TYLER—"That passage is rather confusing."

MISS POWE—"Where is your dignity?"

MISS KIBBE—"All excused."

MISS DAVIS—"I think so too."

MISS GREY—"It isn't my place to excuse; the rule was made by the Faculty."

DR. FISHER—"I will not be responsible for music left in the practice rooms."

MISS ANTHONY—"Dear heart, won't you do this for me?"





Freshman Class Roll

1903-1904

Officers

JULIA BENTLEY WYSON . . . *President*
 SALLIE GRAHAM *Vice-President*
 JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN . *Historian*
 MAUDE NOTTINGHAM . . . *Monitress*

Members

LOUISE ALEXANDER	HELEN BRIDGES
PANSY BRIDGES	ETHEL BURNETTE
LAURA CROMARTIE	SALLIE DIXON
FANNIE ERLICH	WILLIE GARRISON
AURELIA HAND	ATHA HICKS
ANNA HOWERTON	MINNIE MILLER
MARGERY MURR	EVA NAIR
MARGARET NAIR	LOUISE NISBIT
ILVA NOTTINGHAM	MARY OWEN
MARY PARKER	ELIZABETH PILSON
ELOISE RANKIN	BLEEKER REID
CARRIE SMITH	ALICE STACK
	HARRIET WITHERSPOON



From the Standpoint of a Freshman

WHY should one write of Freshmen? Are they not all alike? ¶ This seems to be the general opinion concerning us, but we merely smile at the ignorance and simplicity of some people. We, the Class of 1907, care not for public opinion. We are above the sordid things of earth, and are struggling upward "to the stars—through trouble." Perhaps this may seem to have a tone of conceit, but, as Freshmen are noted for this quality, we will pass it over.

However many disadvantages there are in being a Freshman, yet, on the whole, there are many joys connected with this year.

We are allowed pretty free rein in most things, and our misdemeanors are passed over with an indulgent and benevolent (?) smile. At least, it *depends*.

After all, there's everything in the Faculty's point of view. Of course we don't know what that is, as the Faculty moves veiled in a mist of awe and mystery, but we can imagine one of those dread meetings. Rumors have reached us of some of the strange proceedings of this wise body. As the roll of the unhappy victims is called, each teacher gives her testimony, and woe to any, especially Freshmen, who are found wanting.

So, you see, everything depends on the opinion the Faculty has of you.

We don't know how it is with others, but we can say for the Class of 1907, that however anxious we may be for the Faculty's high opinion, yet we don't make ourselves unhappy about it, and we're very well satisfied with things in general.

So, then, let us not be discouraged in thinking of the long road that lies before us, but rather take things as they come, demerits and all, with a cheerful smile. For, in the end, is there not dignity and honor awaiting us? When, after awhile, we must go to work in good earnest, how pleasant it will be to look back on the careless, happy days when we were Freshmen.



Is for Freshmen, so green and so young,
Whose deeds are untold, whose praises unsung.



Is for rules which they never do keep,
And over which many of them often do weep.



Is for English, studied by all;
But not very hard, for often they fall.



Is for something which none of them know,
And when they don't know it, they speak very low.



Is for holidays, always enjoyed
Except when "restriction" renders them void.



Is for Monday, when lessons are bad;
And also for May, when all will be glad.



Is for ego, which they often use,
But if they were Sophomores they would not so choose.



Is for the nonsense they all carry on,
As you'll easily see by this little song.



READY FOR FIELD DAY

Sophomore Class of 1904



Officers

MARY RANKIN - *President*
 MARGARET MORRIS *V.-President*
 DELIA KENDRICKS - *Secretary*
 MAUDE LENTZ - *Monitress*
 KATE PARKER - *V.-Monitress*
 SARA HARGRAVE - *Historian*

Class

IRENE ALLISON	MARY BOYD
ETHEL CLARKE	INEZ CRUMP
LOUISE DAVIDSON	ANNIE GREENLEE
MELVILLE GIBSON	LINDA HENDRIX
EULA HAYNES	CORRIE HENDERSON
BLANCHE HUMPHREY	EUNICE HOOVER
MARY JUNKIN	OVIDO KEETER
TIRZAH LIPE	FLORA McMILLAN
JESSIE MOORE	LUCIA MILLS
NEAL POLK	FANNIE PORTER
NINA PATRICK	GRACE RANKIN
GERTRUDE REA	EUNICE ROSE
IRENE RHYNE	MABEL RAMSEUR
OMA SPILMAN	KATHERINE TAYLOR
CLARA THOMPSON	DAISY WILLIAMS
LUCILE WHITE	ANNIE WRIGHT



History of the Sophomore Class

AS homesick little Fresh we first entered the walls of the renowned P. C. in September, nineteen-two. We passed safely through the trying period of the Freshman Year and now find ourselves holding the exalted position of Sophomores and dreaming of being Juniors in nineteen-five and of wearing caps and gowns in nineteen-six.

By the advent of new pupils, the promotion of Freshmen, and the "demotion" of Juniors our ranks have been swelled to thirty-nine, thus making our class the largest in the school. The annual election of officers was called for soon after school opened and Miss Mary Rankin was elected President and has proved herself both efficient and popular.

Only one member of our class has gone from our midst but we do not feel sad for we hope that our loss has been her gain. Cupid claimed her during the gay and happy Christmas season.

We have worked hard this year and have often felt tired and discouraged, but on the whole it has been a happy year. Who would miss the good times we have had? The various entertainments and receptions, the joyous and sweet companionship of friends, and those "boxes" from home? What untold treasures those same boxes contain and how excited we become when we are invited to share their contents! Our joys have so far outweighed our sorrows and cares and we can now say:

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features which joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still."

—*Historian*



A STUDY IN BOWS (?)

The Junior Class



Officers

<i>President</i>	BESS MARTIN
<i>V.-President</i>	WILLIE WAKEFIELD
<i>Sec'y-Treas.</i>	LENA REINHARDT
<i>Monitress</i>	ELVA McDOWELL
<i>V.-Monitress</i>	MARY McMURRAY
<i>Historian</i>	KATHERINE WALTERS



FLOWER: White Carnation

COLORS: Light Blue and White

MOTTO: *Non progredi est regredi*

Junior Class Roll

LOUISE CRAIG
 RACHEL HOWERTON
 MARY JAMISON
 GERTRUDE KERR
 BESSIE MCALESTER
 MARGARET McIVER
 JOHN MILLER
 EVELYN NISBET
 MABEL PATRICK
 NINA BELLE RAMSAY
 NEILE ROSEMAN
 FLOY SADLER
 EVELYN WOODS

ADDIE GRIER
 COURTNEY IRVING
 ANNIE JOHNSTON
 JULIA KNOX
 MATTIE McLEAN
 LUCY McINTOSH
 JOSEPHINE MURPHY
 ELLEN NORFLEET
 LOTTIE RAY
 MAMIE ROBINSON
 NELL SARRATT
 FRANCES THORNTON

History of the Junior Class

WE, the Class of nineteen hundred and five, have a record of which we may justly feel proud. Our Class, which began in the Freshman year with a goodly number, has not diminished, for though some of our number have left us, many new ones have come to take their places.

We have had our trials and our failures, but Fate has not been so cruel as to withhold from us our share of the joys and triumphs. And we, too, have been like other thoughtless mortals, "too soon dejected and too soon elated." There has been a time when success so magnified our minds in our own eyes, that we thought that the Juniors might publish an Annual without the aid of any of their fellow classmen. There have also been many times when, with our hearts sickened by dismal failure and dark despair, we were tempted to give up the race and turn back in shame. However, the long coveted cap and gown, the symbol of honor and wisdom, looming up in the dim future, gave fresh strength to our fainting hearts, and we pressed forward with almost saint-like patience and perseverance to the prize.

Although it is with joy that we see our Junior year drawing to a close, our hearts are, nevertheless, struck with terror when we see our Senior year so near at hand. Though it be seemingly bright and full of glory, we know the bed of roses to contain some thorns. Our young shoulders shrink involuntarily from the great burden of responsibility which we know will fall to our lot. The idea of being made a part of the governing body of the Presbyterian College is truly appalling.

We feel that we stand upon a firm foundation, laid by faithful, honest work in the past, and though we may encounter many storms, we will not be utterly destroyed. We will enter upon the last year of our College life with a determination to work with our former perseverance, always bearing our motto, "*non progredi est regredi*," as our standard. — *Historian*.





Senior Class Roll

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	CARRIE POTTS
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	LEILA CALDWELL
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	DAISY MCINTYRE
<i>Monitress</i>	-	-	-	MARY PRICE
<i>Historian</i>	-	-	-	MARY BAIRD
<i>Prophet</i>	-	-	-	BURGIN PRESNELL
<i>Music Senior</i>	-	-	-	EDNA WHISNANT

DAISY HENDERSON	GERTRUDE MCFADYEN
HANNAH McLAUGHLIN	MARY McNEELY
ANNIE PIERCE	ADDIE SMITH
	ETHEL SPILMAN

COLORS—Red and White
 MOTTO—*Perseverando*
 YELL—Hoop la ! Hoop la !
 Boom ! Rah ! Roar !
 Red and White ! Red and White !
 Nineteen four

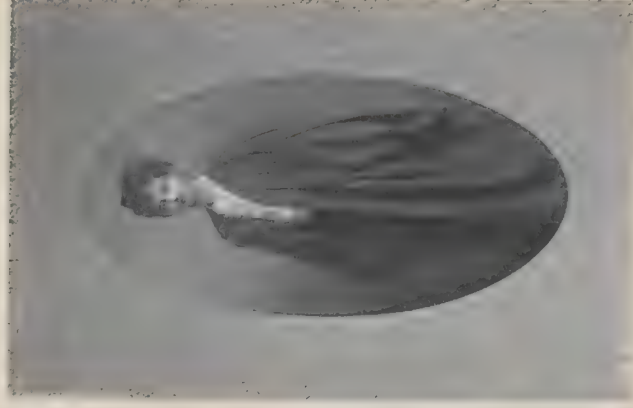
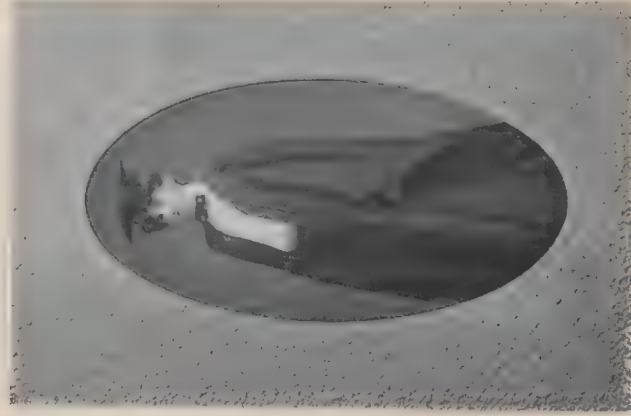
Senior Class



MARY BAIRD, A. B.
CHARLOTTE - - - NORTH CAROLINA

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely feir."

Historian Class '04
Business Manager Edelweiss



LEILA CALDWELL, A. B.
MOORESVILLE - - - NORTH CAROLINA

"Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet."

Vice-President Class '04

HANNAH McLAUGHLIN, B. L.
NEWELLS - - - - NORTH CAROLINA

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Treasurer
Pierian Literary Society



DAISIE V. MCINTYRE, B. L.
MARION - - - - SOUTH CAROLINA

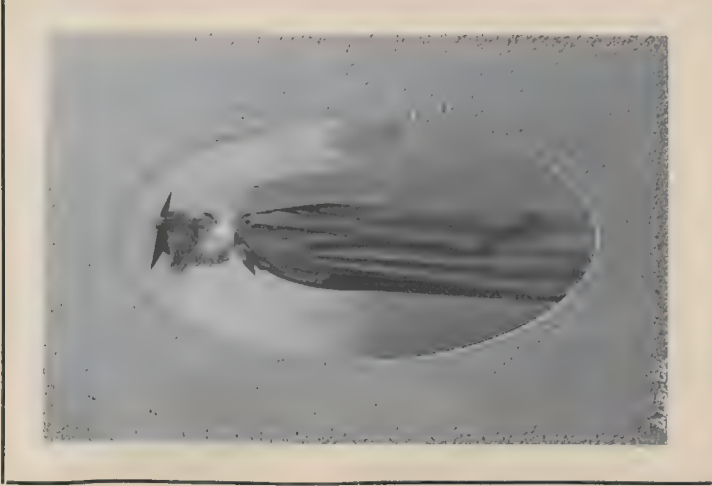
"She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse;
And well she can persuade."

President Student-Body, '04
Critic Gamma Sigma Society
Secretary and Treasurer Class '04
Annual Staff

MARY MCNEELY, A. B.
MOORESVILLE - - - NORTH CAROLINA

The feather whence the pen was shaped
Dropped from an angel's wing

Vice-President Y. W. C. A.
Assistant Editor-in-Chief of Edelweiss
Treasurer Gamma Sigma Society



MARY BURGIN PRESNELL, B. L.
MORGANTON - - - NORTH CAROLINA

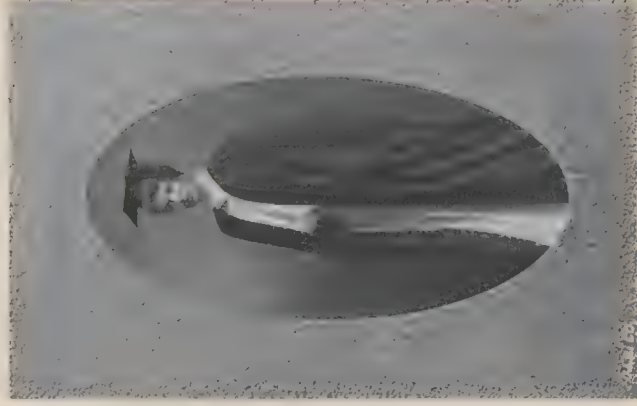
Neither self-possessed nor startled,
But betwixt this mood and that—
Divided in a graceful quiet.

Prophet of Class '04
Annual Staff
Gamma Sigma Society

CARRIE POTTS, A. B.
STEELE CREEK - - - NORTH CAROLINA

"Set honor in one eye and death in the other
And I will look on both indifferently."

V.-President Pierian Literary Society '04
President of Class '04
Editor-in-Chief of Edelweiss '04



MARY PRICE, A. B.
STEELE CREEK - - - NORTH CAROLINA

"Stillier than chiseled marble."

Monitress of Class '04
Pierian Literary Society

ANNIE PIERCE, B. L.
CHARLOTTE - - - NORTH CAROLINA

"To business that we love, we rise betime."

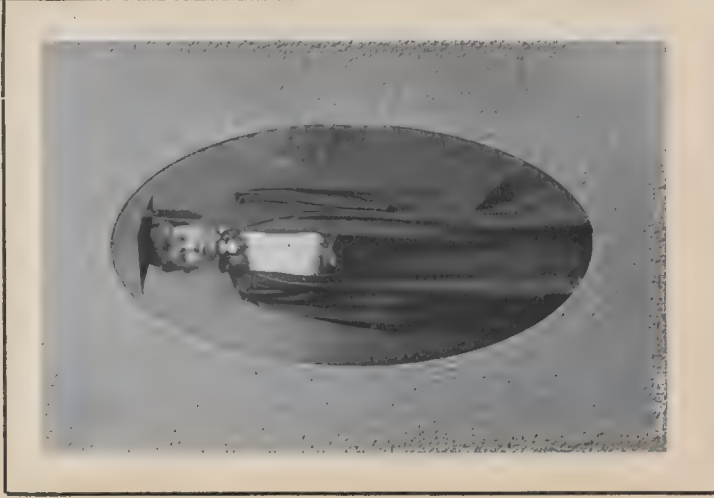
Gamma Sigma Society



ADDIE SMITH, A. B.
CHARLOTTE - - - NORTH CAROLINA

"Examine History, for it is Philosophy teaching by experience."

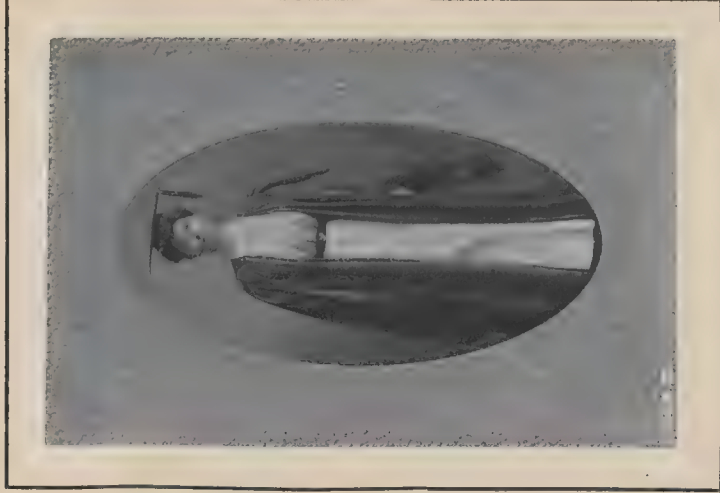
Pierian Society



ETHEL SPILMAN, A. B.
CHARLOTTE - - - NORTH CAROLINA

"O love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness,
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his business."

President Gamma Sigma Society
Editor Edelweiss



EDNA WHISNANT
CHARLOTTE - - - NORTH CAROLINA

"What passion cannot
Music raise and quell."

Gamma Sigma

The Senior Class History

“OUR” CLASS in the past years has been “your” Class and “my” Class, for some of us belonged to the Class of '03, while others of our comrades who now share our joys and griefs were then classed among the wise Sophomores. Still others of our number entered as Juniors last year.

But, having said that some of our number belonged to the Class of '03, we feel that an explanation is due them. One of the young ladies passed through the agonies of two quarters' examinations and just before the third ordeal she fell a victim to appendicitis and was unable to finish. Another, feeling that a knowledge of Physics and Anglo-Saxon was sufficient for her duties in life, decided to take up Kindergarten work. Still another decided to attend a Davidson College Commencement in preference to standing her last quarter's examinations, feeling that in so doing she was receiving advantages (as well as pleasures) which one could not derive from a quarter's examinations. But the reaction came only too soon, for when the pleasures were passed she realized the advantages were few. The hopes for a diploma the next year were shattered, for those last examinations must be taken. This young lady then decided to spend a year making up some back work. These are the reasons the three young ladies of the Class of '03 are numbered among us.

There are only three of our number who passed hand in hand through the troublous seas of Virgil. To these were added last year four more young ladies who entered as full Juniors. However, this year they are struggling over “Gummere's Poetics” and “College Entrance Requirements,” for without these a diploma is an impossibility.

As to our attainments this year, the Class has in many respects distinguished itself. We would note especially the distinctions gained in “Church History” and “Dabney's Ethics.” We would have our readers note that it is Dabney's, for we have been impressed with the fact that Dabney is a clear thinker and reasoner, and that only with the use of a “pad and pencil” can the best results be obtained from the fine distinctions he draws in his arguments. A member of the Class asked the teacher of “Church History” what her grade was, and the teacher replied: “I should not think you would like to know—the papers were abominable!” In our Astronomy we are often reminded that we must get a “conception,” and have a “realizing sense” of the “celestial phenomena.” However, we have been somewhat encouraged in these latter days.

But having failed in so many attempts, and having made so many false steps, we feel that these failures and these false steps are the stepping stones by which we are to reach greater things. And if our names, or any one of our names, be recorded by some greater historian, we would have our Professors understand that it is to their faithful and untiring efforts for us that much of the praise and honor is due.

Senior's Farewell

"Farewell, my friends ; farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those."
Good will to all behind we leave.
We part in tears, and sighs we heave.

The time has come for us to part,
But each one knows deep in her heart
A cherished love there'll always be
For those days spent at old P. C.

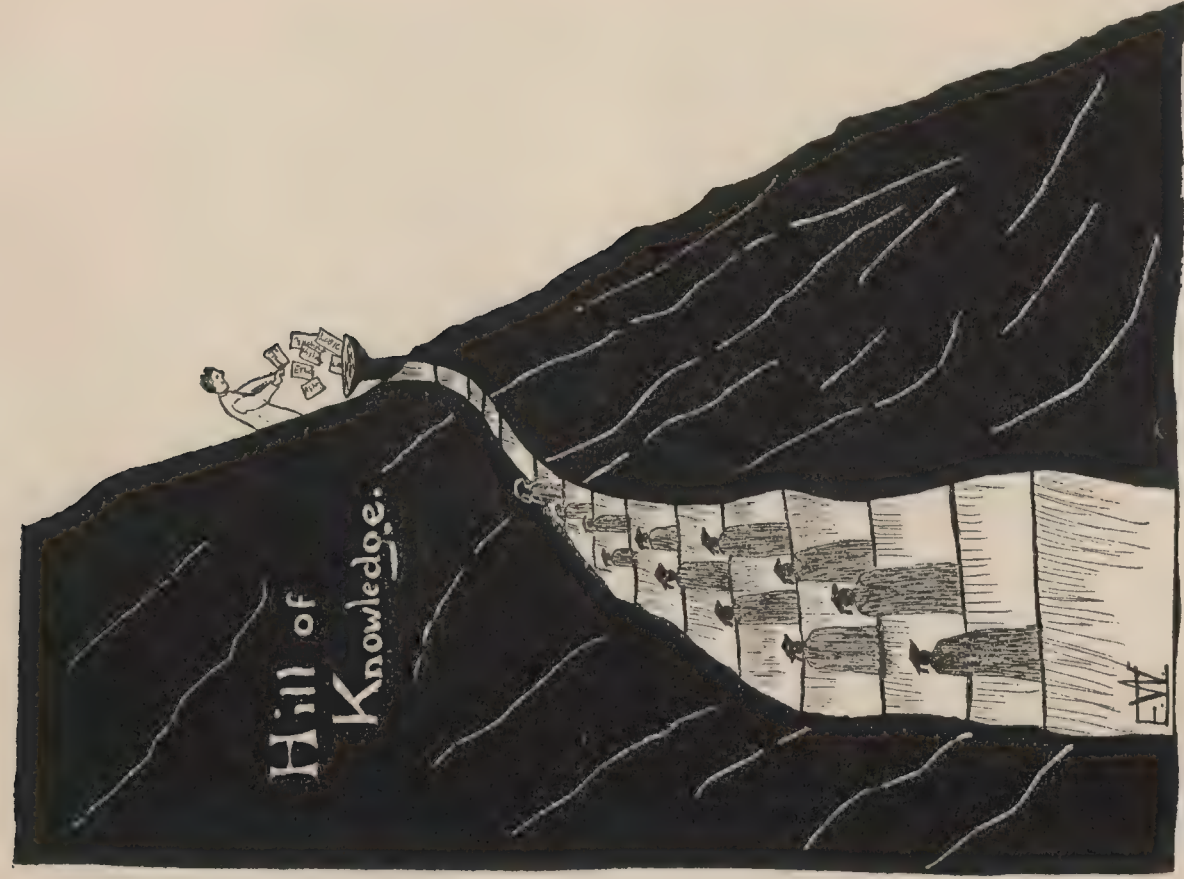
Some may have an easier life ;
Some may have just toil and strife.
Both we have had as we struggled here.
Bravely we went, without a fear.



To all we bid a fond farewell,
When again we'll meet no one can tell.
May each one lead a life upright,
And may her path be ever bright.

"Long life ; good health !" our toast shall be
To all we leave at dear P. C.
We may be parting to meet no more.
Drink long and deep to nineteen and four.

—L. F. R.



Seniors' Likes and Dislikes

SENIORS	FAVORITE STUDY	MOST DISLIKED	GREATEST BORE	CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSION
MARY BAIRD - -	History	Astronomy	Coming to School	"Only — more weeks !"
LEILA CALDWELL -	Arithmetic	French	Her Room-mate	"Don't you want to help me do this?"
DAISIE MCINTYRE -	Astronomy	Rhetoric	Student Body Meetings	"It all looks good to me."
HANNAH McLAUGHLIN	Anglo-Saxon	Ethics	Rooming on Third Floor	"Oh, yes. He's one of the religious sect."
MARY McNEELY -	English	Mathematics	Social Functions	"So goes the world."
BURGIN PRESNELL -	Psychology	French	Walking in Line	"I just simply cannot do it."
MARY PRICE - -	Latin	History	Examinations	"It certainly is so."
CARRIE POTTS - -	Rhetoric	Ethics	Rising Bell	"Well, I declare."
ANNIE PIERCE - -	History	Anglo-Saxon	So Much to Do	"Gee-whiz!"
ETHEL SPILMAN - -	English	Latin	Coming to School	"Madam President, may I say a few words?"
ADDIE SMITH - - -	History	English	Being Quiet	"Oh, well, I don't care."
EDNA WHISNANT -	Musical Facts	Harmony	English	"There's no telling."



Uncle Julius: I can't get 'em up in de mornin'.



Will

NORTH CAROLINA, } PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.
MECKLENBURG COUNTY,

We, the Senior Class of the aforesaid College, County and State, being of sound mind, but considering that the end is now already near, do make and declare this our last Will and Testament.

First: Our executrix, hereinafter named, is requested to place our little book of Parliamentary Rules in the hands of the Faculty with the earnest hope that they will make a careful study of them and will use them as a guide in their meetings. In addition to this, we bequeath to our worthy pedagogues our record, rendered spotless by the absence of disorderly marks, and our dignified behavior during vacant periods of school hours. In return for this liberality, we would request that they erase from the Great Book our marks in Church History.

Second: To our successors, the Juniors, we hereby bequeath (1) the part of the books for the record of the companies remaining over and above, after all Senior essays, theses, etc., have been given a place on their pages; (2) our two Senior privileges, viz: studying one and one-half hours in our rooms in the afternoon, and going shopping once a week—together with the responsibility of overseeing ten girls and of keeping order in the halls; (3) our copartnership with the Faculty in the government of the College, which duty has been so recently made known to us that we have been unable to do our part and have thrust all the burden on the shoulders of the already overburdened Faculty; (4) all our good marks and the interest

existing in the hearts of the Faculty for the welfare of every Senior Class; (5) the succession of the rooms which we now occupy and all the offices filled by us at time of writing; (6) all the superfluous knowledge on hand after fourth quarter examinations, and our tearful countenances during graduating exercises.

Third: To the Sophomores, all the advice given us at the beginning of the school term by the several members of the Faculty; (2) our due regard for rules and our high attainment in scholarship; (3) our best wishes for a prosperous year in Pancoast and in Genung's Rhetoric.

Fourth: We give and bequeath to the Freshmen our delightful duties at receptions, and in addition to this all the pleasure gathered therefrom in the past three years.

Fifth: We do bequeath the Preps. (1) words of warning with regard to a haughty and rebellious spirit, and ask that they be duly impressed with the importance of a spirit of true humility; (2) all our knowledge of Buehler's Grammar, with the advice that they show a sufficient knowledge of it during their entire course.

Sixth: We do leave and bequeath to the Student Body the whole of our experiences, and trust that it may profit thereby during our sojourn at the Presbyterian College.

Seventh: It is our will and desire that, after taking out the devices and legacies above mentioned, if there should be any surplus above the payments of any just debts that may be presented, this surplus be expended in candles for the use of the boarding pupils during examination week.

Eighth: We hereby appoint and constitute our friend, Miss Wysor, our lawful executrix, to all intents and purposes, to execute this, our last will and testament, according to the true intent and meaning of the same, and every part and clause thereof, hereby revoking and declaring utterly void all other wills and testaments by us heretofore made.

SENIOR CLASS (*College Seal*).

Signed, sealed, published and declared by said Senior Class to be their last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, at their request and in their presence, do subscribe our names as witnesses.

JUNIOR CLASS (*Witnesses*).



THANKSGIVING

A Day With The Seniors

TIME—Monday

SCENE I.—*History Class Room*

AT 9 a. m. the Seniors file in, take their places, and begin to discuss the current events of the day. Miss Tyler enters with roll book in hand, takes her seat, and waits for silence. All her attempts to be heard above the din are in vain, but finally she succeeds in restoring order and proceeds with the days work.

MISS TYLER.—Miss Pierce, will you give me a short character sketch of Thomas a Becket.

MISS PIERCE (turning crimson).—Eh-er, I'm excused to-day, Miss Tyler.

MISS TYLER.—Miss McNeely, you may recite.

MISS MCNEELY (twisting her hands, and rocking to and fro).—Well, Thomas a Becket was er-er. Miss Tyler, I didn't quite get over his life this-er morning.

MISS TYLER.—Very well. Miss Smith, you may recite.

MISS SMITH.—Bats her eyes vigorously and coughs once or twice by way of preparation and then draws on her enormous stock of historical information, showing that she has the requisites of a good historian—minute accuracy and vivid imagination. At this juncture the light overspreading Miss Tyler's face at this showing of original research on the part of Miss Smith is again clouded by the appearance of the sylph-like form of Miss Spilman just as the bell rings for the end of the period.

SCENE II.—*Ten a. m. in Chapel. Church History*

MISS WATKINS.—Carrie Potts, what did I give you for today? Miss Potts, after turning over in her mind all the subjects of the preceding week, is forced to acknowledge her inability to give an answer and stoops to pick up a pencil to screen her blushing countenance from public gaze.

MISS WATKINS.—Carrie Potts, you don't seem to know much about the lesson. Mary Baird, what'd I give you?

A lengthy silence ensues, broken only by the suppressed whispering of the other members of the class and numerous telegraphic communications in order to ascertain the subject of said lesson.

Miss Watkins, absorbed in looking over a chart in her hand, suddenly bursts forth, "I told you girls to be sure to get all about Bernard of Clairveaux and Francis of Assissi. Oh, he is so lovely!"

All class in concert—"Miss Watkins, you *did not* give us that."

MISS WATKINS.—Well I don't know what I meant. I certainly meant to give you that, and I believe I did. I'd like to know what you girls *did* get anyway. Tell me about Lull, Mary Baird. I know you've had him.

MISS BAIRD.—Miss Watkins, I don't know.

Miss Watkins finally gives up in despair, and after having assigned the next day's lesson dismisses the class in disgust.

SCENE III.—12:15—12:45 *Rhetoric*

Great disorder is occasioned by the skirmish to get in and get settled before second bell. Miss Martin enters bearing in her hand a large, unattractive looking book and proceeds to call the roll in slow, distinct tones after which she takes her seat.

MISS MARTIN.—I believe we have argumentation for today, and by the way, Miss McNeely, what is argumentation?

Miss McNeely in an unsteady voice proceeds to give a lengthy definition as set forth by Mr. Genung.

MISS MARTIN.—What is debate, Miss McIntyre?

Miss McIntyre, after much deliberation succeeds in coining a definition for the occasion and feels somewhat small when Miss Martin supplements one of her own.

After a few general remarks Miss Martin assigns the lesson for the following day, adding, "For our next piece of written work, you may hand in an oration on some live question of the day." A general murmur of dissent goes through the class and finally Miss Spilman musters up courage enough to say, "Miss Martin, we have a thesis on history to hand in that day. Can't you put it off a day or two"?

MISS MARTIN.—Don't tell me what you've got to do for another teacher. That's just like flinging a red flag before a teacher's face. That's your misfortune and not my fault. You will bring it in as I have said. Class dismissed.

SCENE IV.—12:45—1:15 *Ethics*.

Dr. Bridges, standing by the table, patiently awaits the arrival of the members of the class. He counts the chairs and finding one vacancy asks who is absent. This delinquency being duly marked, the doctor requests that all books be closed. He looks over his glasses which are adjusted on the end of his nose, takes a fleeting glance over the number of marks arranged by each name, and mercilessly attacks Ethel-er Spilman.

Miss Spilman dives deep into Dr. Dabney's intricate arguments and is about to score a point when the door opens and Miss Presnell, as usual ten minutes late, feigning surprise of the assembled class, glides in and takes an inconspicuous seat. Miss Spilman's stock of information is about exhausted and Miss Price is called on for re-inforcement.

By the time Miss Price has collected her somewhat scattered wits, the bell rings and the class is dismissed.

(DINNER-BELL RINGS)

An April Serenade

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
Of the false alarm of fire last year,
On the first day of April, nineteen and three
We caused some excitement, as you shall see.

We had been quite good throughout the year
And longed for a frolic regardless of fear;
So we gave our teachers a serenade
With the rarest of music that ever was played.

With pans and bells and one loud horn
We started out in the early morn;
Marched up and down the many halls
Amid much singing, screams and squalls.

The Faculty then began to file out
To see how such music was brought about;
For the strains indeed though so very sweet
Were mingled with noise of stamping feet.

One lost her wig while dancing about;
One stared in awe and an eye fell out;
Another we thought would never tire
Of running around and yelling "fire!"

But here the rub came in you see;
And the third floor girls were scared as could be,
For since the musicians were not from their floor
They knew not what for them was in store.

'Twas time for the music to come to a stop,
And the musicians went home with a skip and a hop,
The Faculty again we'll not serenade;
They would just as soon listen to a street parade.

Demerits two each were received by us,
They called it not music but only a fuss,
Next time we'll think of something new;
We'll cut out the music; agree, don't you?

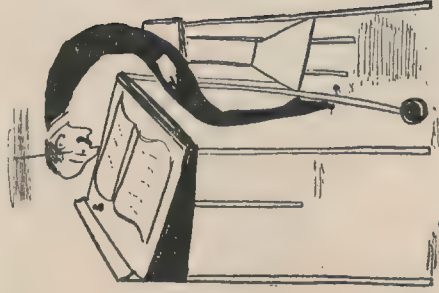
—L. R.

Sheet Forty-Four



"I know I could write the love-
liest letter to Davidson, if I could
only think of something to say!"

He Would Like to Know



How the Faculty gets so much information?
 One girl who has not broken a single rule?
 Where all those midnight feasts were held; and why an invitation was
 not extended to the Faculty?
 How many demerits it takes to send a girl home?
 Why Cupid has been playing such havoc with us this year?
 Why Mary Burgin Presnell keeps her pitcher covered with a towel?
 Why Julia Knox's and Elva McDowell's candle has burned so low?
 Which gets to breakfast late more often, Miss Tyler or Miss Wysor?
 How the teachers get excused from prayers?
 What has become of Miss Martin's diamond ring?
 Why Daisie McIntyre, Mary McNeely and Mary Burgin Presnell resumed
 their former places on the Annual staff?
 Why the Astronomy class can't get any conceptions?
 Why the Juniors did not publish an Annual?
 Why the Seniors and Webster can't agree in spelling?
 Why so many of us wear long faces during examinations?
 Why Atha Hicks decided not to go to Davidson?
 Why we have so much chicken?
 Who can read Miss Watkins' writing?
 Why Miss Kibbe calls for volunteers to go to the board in Math. classes?
 When Bentley Wysor and Nina Ramsay will appear in public again?
 Why the Faculty receive so much attention from young men?
 When Miss Grey sleeps?
 Why Ilva Nottingham wears such a large bow on her hair?
 Where Miss ——— was when the girls played leap frog on her hall?
 Why Bentley Wysor and the Nairs stay in the dining room so long after the
 others on dessert day?

Scriptis



Hierian Gamma Sigma



Pierian Society

Officers for First Term

President

GERTRUDE MCFADYEN

Vice-President

CARRIE POTTS

Treasurer

HANNAH McLAUGHLIN

Critic

LUCY McINTOSH

Last Term

President

BESS McALESTER

Vice-President

MARY McMURRAY

Supervisor

JULIA CHRISTIAN

Treasurer

RACHEL HOWERTON

Critic

ELVA McDOWELL

Secretary

LUCY McINTOSH

Secretary

BESS MARTIN

Supervisor

JULIA CHRISTIAN

Members of Pierian Society

LOUISE ALEXANDER

ETHEL BURNETT

LOUISE CRAIG

JULIA CHRISTIAN

SALLIE DIXON

ELLEN GRAHAM

WILLIE GARRISON

EULA HAYNES

LINDA HENDRIX

RACHEL HOWERTON

ANNIE JOHNSTON

BESS MARTIN

HANNAH McLAUGHLIN

ELVA McDOWELL

BESS McALESTER

JOSEPHINE MURPHY

JENNIE NEWELL

EVELYN NISBET

MARY PARKER

MARY PRICE

FANNIE PORTER

EUNICE ROSE

MAMIE ROBINSON

LENA REINHARDT

ADDIE SMITH

FLOY SADLER

IRENE ALLISON

MARY BOYD

MAUDE CROMARTIE

LOUISE DAVIDSON

FANNIE ERLICH

SALLIE GRAHAM

SARA HARGRAVE

BLANCHE HUMPHREY

EUNICE HOOVER

ANNA HOWERTON

DELIA KENDRICK

MATTIE McLEAN

GERTRUDE MCFADYEN

MARGARET McIVER

MARGARET MORRIS

MINNIE MILLER

MAUDE NOTTINGHAM

LOUISE NISBET

RUTH PILSON

CARRIE POTTS

LOTTIE RAY

MARY RANKIN

BLEEKER REID

CLARA THOMPSON

ETHEL SMITH

WILLIE WAKEFIELD

HARRIET WITHERSPOON

PANSY BRIDGERS

ETHEL CLARK

LAURA CROMARTIE

EVELYN DIFFY

ADDIE GRIER

MELVILLE GIBSON

ALTHA HICKS

CARRIE HENDERSON

OVIDO KEETER

BETTIE JENKINS

TIRZAH LIPE

FLORA McMILLAN

LUCY McINTOSH

MARY McMURRAY

MARGERY MURR

ANNA MORSE

ILVA NOTTINGHAM

KATE PARKER

ELIZABETH PILSON

NEAL POLK

NINA RAMSEY

RUTH RIELLY

NEAL ROSEMAN

NELL SARRATT

ALICE STACK

DAISY WILLIAMS

The Social Life of the Pierian Society

IT is a prevalent idea that literary societies are severely useful institutions, lacking the sociability and friendliness of a fraternity, but this is not always true; indeed, one of the objects of the Pierian Society is to promote good fellowship among the students.

To begin with, our initiation has social features, and though it is a kind of comradeship that the initiate may not at first appreciate, it does not fail to lessen formality. Our open session is largely a social affair—when we mingle not only with each other, but with the sister society and other guests.

As an example is probably the best means by which a clear idea of social features may be reached, one of the most pleasant events of the school year has been chosen to illustrate the social life of the Pierian Society. This was the banquet given to the new members of the Society on the night of February the fifth. The spacious college dining hall, which served as banquet hall and reception room, was beautifully decorated in Pierian gold, presenting a cheerful and attractive appearance. During the first part of the evening many familiar games were played, in which all joined, making the walls resound with peals of hearty laughter. The feast was spread at nine o'clock, and amid jokes and laughter, "Brannon's" cream and other good things were consumed.

While this social gathering may seem very exclusive, the aim was fully realized, and the more than fifty members present went away feeling that all were drawn closer together for having spent the evening in this way, and each was singing louder than ever the praises of the old Pierian.

Pierian, thy name we adore ;
Pierian, forever, ever more
Sacred to us will always be thy name
And scattered all abroad thy worth and fame.

To thee will we be ever loyal, true,
And always ready our duty to do ;
Fond memories of thee we'll hold forever,
Forget thee we will never, never.

Thy motto ever will remembered be
By each of thy members in old P. C.—
"A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."
3.1416.



Organization

Gamma Sigma Society

ETHEL SPILMAN	-	-	-	-	-	Charlotte, North Carolina
MARY JAMIESON	-	-	-	-	-	Charlotte, North Carolina
ELLEN NORFLEET	-	-	-	-	-	Winston-Salem, North Carolina
MARY MCNEELY	-	-	-	-	-	Mooresville, North Carolina
DAISY MCINTYRE	-	-	-	-	-	Marion, South Carolina
GERTRUDE KERR	-	-	-	-	-	Charlotte, North Carolina
BLANCHE ROSEBRO, <i>Chairman</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Cleveland, North Carolina
MARY BAIRD, <i>Chairman</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Charlotte, North Carolina
ONA SPILMAN, <i>Chairman</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Charlotte, North Carolina
<i>President</i>						
<i>Vice-President</i>						
<i>Secretary</i>						
<i>Treasurer</i>						
<i>Critic</i>						
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>						
<i>Conference Committee</i>						
<i>Programme Committee</i>						
<i>Furnishing Committee</i>						

Gamma Sigma Roll

MARY BAIRD	ALICE BAIRD	HELEN BRIDGES
MATTIE BURWELL	LOTTIE GRAY	ANNIE GREENLEE
AURELIA HAND	MARY JAMIESON	MARY JUNKIN
GERTRUDE KERR	ALICE KING	JULIA KNOX
MAUDE LENTZ	LUCIA MILLS	DAISIE MCINTYRE
MARY MCNEELY	JESSIE MOORE	JOHN MILLER
ELLEN NORFLEET	MARGARET NAIR	EVA NAIR
MARY OWEN	NINA PATRICK	MABEL PATRICK
ANNIE PIERCE	IRENE RHYNE	GRACE RANKIN
ELOISE RANKIN	BLANCHE ROSEBRO	ONA SPILMAN
ETHEL SPILMAN	MARY B. PRESNELL	LILY SMITH
CARRIE SMITH	NELLIE VAN STEWART	HAZELINE THOMAS
FRANCES THORNTON	EDITH WARD	KATE WALTERS
EVELYN WOODS	ELMA WARBURTON	EDNA WHISNANT
BENTLEY WYSOR	LUCILE WHITE	INEZ CRUMP
	KATHERINE TAYLOR	

The Gamma Sigma Literary Society

IN the fall of nineteen-three the members of the Gamma Sigma Society were united to begin another year's work. For the first time since its organization the Faculty left the work entirely in the hands of the students. And so it has been necessary to put forth more earnest efforts for success.

Under the leadership of our enthusiastic President we have been able to surmount the many difficulties in our way, and to make the year's work creditable to the Society. The programs for the regular meetings have been especially interesting and instructive, and the active part taken in this work by each member has enabled her to have a practical use of her knowledge.

The entertainment given by the Society for the benefit of our hall was a great success. It afforded much pleasure to the participants, and was the means of enabling us to furnish our hall more desirably. Then, too, the members of the Society, inspired by this success, were led to hope for still greater things in the future.

It is very gratifying to the Society to know that the impression made during the few years within the Society walls does not stop there. The intellectual expansion afforded, and the ties of friendship formed bind the members together so that the trace is never blotted out. They have shown their loyalty by helping in the undertakings of the Society. Besides the active members who have gone away with a warm feeling for the Gamma Sigma Society, we are proud to have on our roll many interested honorary members. Among them were added this year Rev. and Mrs. M. D. Hardin. A beautiful picture presented by one of our honorary members has been placed on the wall.

The members of the Senior Class of nineteen-four deserve credit for their work among us, and in imitation of their example we look forward with hope to the future welfare of our society.



Davidson





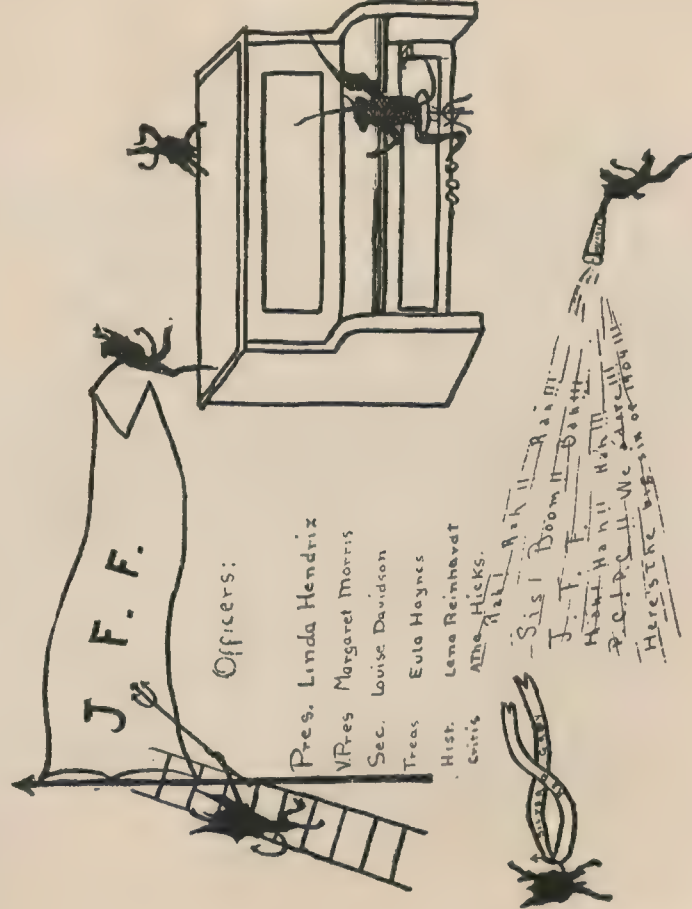
ETHEL CLARKE
EVELYN NISBET
MAUDE LENTZ

P.S.M.



CLARA THOMPSON
MARY RANKIN
ETHEL SMITH

GRACE RANKIN
LUCIA WILLS
MARY OWEN



Country Club



Color - Grass Green

Motto - Ignorance is bliss

Song - "When Country comes to Town"

Eula Haynes

Maudie Nottingham

Lena Reinhardt

Margaret Morris

Melville Gibson

Anna Johnston

Louise Davidson

Lottie Ray

Bess Martin

L
A
D



Red-Headed Club.

Motto: Be ye all red. Colors: red, maroon and scarlet

Stone-Ruby yell - FIRE!!!

TOAST

Here's to the red, the white, the blue.

Here's to the one who are good and true.

Here's to the needs of everyone

In other words, here's to you



members

Ethel Punnett

Melba Punnett

Mary Boyd

Oving Williams

Mabel Patrick

Elena Reinhardt

The Daisy Sewing Circle



Motto

"Daisies won't Tell"

Song

Sweet Bunch of

Daisies.

Linda Hendrix

Lottie Ray.

Louise Davidson

Atha Hicks

Officers.

Manager

Ellen Norfleet

Treasurer

Louise Davidson

Motto- "Ext 'em up"

Colors-

Petty black and

snowy white

Members

Elizabeth Grier

Lena Reinhardt

Blanche Rosebro

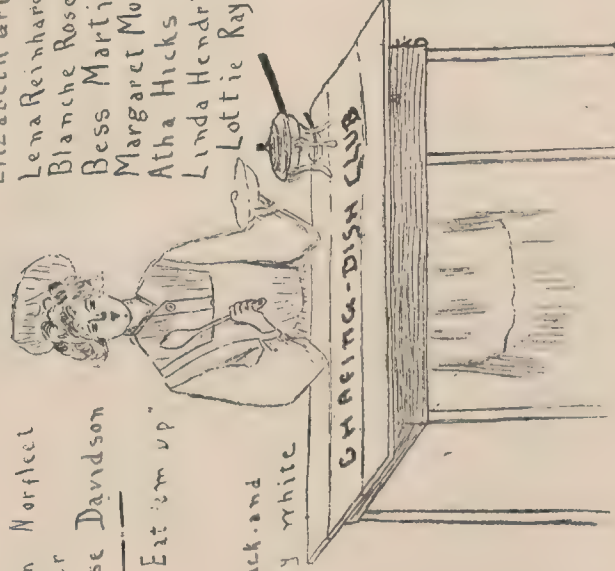
Bess Martin

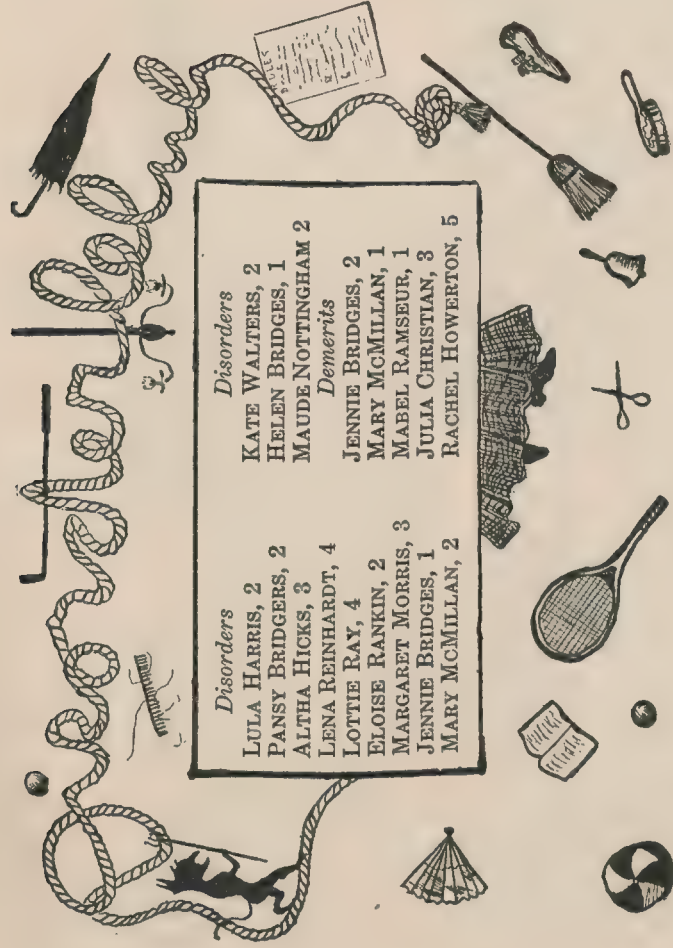
Margaret Morris

Atha Hicks

Linda Hendrix

Lottie Ray





Disorders

LULA HARRIS, 2
 PANSY BRIDGES, 2
 ALTHA HICKS, 3
 LENA REINHARDT, 4
 LOTTIE RAY, 4
 ELOISE RANKIN, 2
 MARGARET MORRIS, 3
 JENNIE BRIDGES, 1
 MARY McMILLAN, 2

Disorders

KATE WALTERS, 2
 HELEN BRIDGES, 1
 MAUDE NOTTINGHAM 2
 Jennie
 JENNIE BRIDGES, 2
 MARY McMILLAN, 1
 MABEL RAMSEUR, 1
 JULIA CHRISTIAN, 3
 RACHEL HOWERTON, 5

Demerits

JENNIE BRIDGES, 2
 MARY McMILLAN, 1
 MABEL RAMSEUR, 1
 JULIA CHRISTIAN, 3
 RACHEL HOWERTON, 5

BLOCK HEADS



Mary Jamison



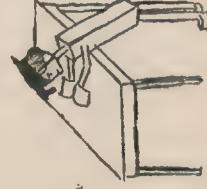
Carrie Potts



Mary Adair



Sarah Hargrave



Rachel Howerton

Lucy McIntosh

Cupid's Messenger

VOL. I PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, CHARLOTTE, N. C., 1903-1904 No. 1

Latest News in the Matrimonial World

King-Harris

One of the most charming events in society circles of this city was the marriage, at the home of the bride's father, of Miss Olive King to Mr. Harris on Dec. 22, 1903.

The handsome residence was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms. The bride already graceful and charming, was rendered more beautiful by an elaborate going-away gown of brown cloth.

Miss King was one of Charlotte's most popular young ladies. She had attended the Presbyterian College for several years, where she intended taking a certificate in English. But the accomplishment of this plan was very seriously doubted by her schoolmates when they discovered the diamond on her finger, for it is a well-known fact that diamonds and certificates do not go together—except marriage certificates, the one which Miss King decided to take.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Harris left for a tour of the Northern cities. The congratulations and best wishes.

A North Carolina Preacher Secures a Texas Bride

Mr. H. W. Hoon, formerly one of the Faculty of P. C. is married to Miss Phillips, a woman prominent in San Antonio circles.

It has been said that the course of true love is never smooth, but when we hear of Mr. Hoon's good fortune, we are inclined to think that we have heretofore been deceived by this well known maxim. For a man to meet his lady love and in less than a month's time to marry the said lady, his course must have been very smooth indeed. It would seem that Mr. Hoon has not followed the example of the Apostle in "being content in whatever state he is," but has shown to the world that his priestly robe is not proof against Cupid's arrow.

When the news reached the College it spread like wildfire, "Have you heard about Mr. Willie Hugh" was the question passed from lip to lip and in a very short time it had gone through the school.

Miss Phillips is prominent as a Sunday School worker and it is supposed that it was in that capacity that Mr. Hoon met her. It is sincerely hoped that now Mr. Hoon can devote his time to writing his "History of England" which is destined to bring him fame at no distant date.

Despite the havoc which Mr. Hoon's marriage has caused in our school by shattering the hopes of the Seniors and by driving the roses from the cheeks of a member of the Faculty, these parties most concerned have forgiven him and extend to Mr. Hoon and his bride their hearty congratulations and best wishes for a happy life.

AND THEY WERE MARRIED

A Mystery That Has Hovered Over the Presbyterian College Is Dispelled

A profound mystery that has stirred the Presbyterian College for a week has been dispelled by the far-off ringing of wedding bells; and once more the countenance of President J. R. Bridges is allowed to radiate a genial, characteristic smile.

The gladsome intelligence that was communicated to the college Thursday caused even a sigh of relief to expand the portly form of the tall lady who stands high on top of the college, silently bidding all the feminine world to come and partake of wisdom.

The worry had been caused by the leaving of a student—a student who left with tears in her eyes and her hair hanging down her back. This particular phase of the romance is remarkable only because of the tears. She had always worn her hair down her back.

Her name was Miss Rachel Ashworth. It is something else now. On Wednesday of last week she got a telegram from her father in Asheboro, telling her to come home. President Bridges received a telegram at the same time instructing him to allow Miss Ashworth to come home at once. The telegrams gave no reason for the peremptory summons.

"Somebody is dead—I know somebody is dead," wailed the young girl, and she sadly left the college.

Days passed and no reason was given for the departure of Miss Ashworth. But everything was explained in a letter that came yesterday.

"I am married," the letter ran, "and I shall not go to school any longer. My husband is Mr. J. D. Ashworth."

The explanation does not go further. Only the story books would have it go further, saying, "They lived happy ever afterward." —*Charlotte Observer.*

A SURPRISE MARRIAGE

Mr. Paul Haney and Miss Anna Morse Married

[Special to Messenger.]

Atlanta, Jan. 4.—The large circle of Miss Morse's friends here were quite surprised yesterday to hear of her marriage to Mr. Paul Haney, of Mississippi. The affair has a slight touch of the romantic. Miss Morse, who has been attending school at P. C. in Charlotte, returned home Saturday, Dec. 20th. Late Sunday afternoon, two weeks later, she bade her mother goodbye, saying that she was going for a walk with Mr. Haney. Miss Morse walked up to the minister's, but it was Mrs. Haney who boarded the train at 8 o'clock for Mississippi, and who sent a messenger back to her home to tell of her marriage.

The news will come as a pleasant surprise to Miss Morse's college friends. May the path of this young couple be strewn with roses.

A Gamma Sigma Pin Lost

One of the Gamma Sigmas, who has been spending several weeks with relatives in Lincolnton, has returned, and reports a most enjoyable visit. We can well account for this, for we no longer see a *blank* face in her locket; and where is her Gamma Sigma pin?

"Letter-Writing" Taught by Mail

All desiring particulars concerning this course address Prof. B., Davidson, N. C., or Prof. N., of the Presbyterian College, Charlotte. A *certificate* will be given if the course is completed satisfactorily.

Miss Elizabeth always goes up street empty handed, "Butt" always comes back with a box of candy.



RECEPTION FOR CHARLOTTE BOYS

Snap-Shots at the Faculty

I

Of twins in the line there are two,
Without them we never could do ;

The first is Miss Lily,
The other is Milly,

As charming as can be--these two.

II

There was also a teacher named Wysor,
Who was nothing at all of a miser,

For on diet she fed
And stood on her head

In spite of all we'd advise her.

III

The History teacher was Maisie,
Who hated a scholar that's lazy,

"Now make an outline

All proper and fine,

If you don't I'll think you are crazy."

IV

Miss Kibbe has charge of the Math.,

A dreary and wearisome path;

The Freshmen they fall

Sophs., Juniors and all,

And loud and vigorous their wrath.

V

There was a young maiden--Miss Powe,
Who put all her things on *just so*

At a pin out of place

She'd make a wry face,

And was neat from her head to her toe.

VI

Another was called Mary Blum

For an umbrella she carried a broom.

"Dear heart," she would say,

"It may rain to-day,

So I brought this down from my room."

VII

There was also a teacher named Martin,
And she was a scorcher "for *sartin*"—
 She danced and she sang
 And she slung lots of slang,
Did this rambunctious Miss Martin.

VIII

The baby of all is young Tilly,
But you must not imagine her silly;
 She runs us to bed
 And holds up her head—
She's even more strict than Miss Lily.

IX

Another in line is Miss Grey,
The girls on her hall hear her say:
 "In your rollers is dust,
 Now clean them you must,
Or Saturday noon you will pay."

X

Ye gods! Is there never a man?
Yes, there's one of that fry in the pan;
 He rushes about
 The gas to turn out,
This nice little, good little man.

XI

There *are others* of whom we might speak,
But for reasons *their own* we daren't squeak;
 But just pass them by
 With a bat of the eye,
And new fields and green pastures we'll seek!

P. S.—A LAMENT.

There was a young man—Willie Hugh,
Who did what he oughtn't to do;
 He went far away
 And married one day,
And now we bemoan Willie Hugh.

[Regretfully submitted by the Senior History Class and Miss M.]

Annual Drama



FACULTY—It fits thee not to ask the reason why.
Because we bid it.

JENNIE BRIDGES—Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

SENIORS—Rest is sweet after strife.

MARY BAIRD—Alas! that we must dwell my heart
and I so far asunder.

KATHERINE TAYLOR—Silence has many advantages.

BURGIN PRESNELL—She, the sweetest of all singers.

GERTRUDE MCFADYEN—He that sleeps, feels not the
toothache.

MARY PRICE—Until I loved, I was alone.

MARY PRICE—Society is no comfort to one not sociable.
I *will* speak.

ETHEL SPILMAN—Hear me; for I *will* speak.
CARRIE POTTS—The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to
be deemed a scholar.

SENIOR GRAM. CLASS—Who climbs the grammar tree knows where the
noun and verb and participle grow?

E. McDOWELL AND JULIA KNOX—When night has set her silver lamp on
high, then is the time for study.

MISS BENNESON—My own thoughts are my companions.

STUDENT BODY DURING THE EXAMINATIONS—These are the times that try
girls' souls.

DAILY ANNOUNCEMENT PERIOD, 9-9:15—Time elaborately thrown away.

MARY OWEN—I should think your tongue had broken its chain.

ANNUAL STAFF—Let's meet, and either do or die,
Ours not to make reply.

STUDENT BODY—Ours not to reason why—
Ours but to do and die.

N. RAMSAY—Studious to please; yet not ashamed to fail.

DR. BRIDGES—Beware of the fury of a patient man.

B. WYSOR—Who can clog the hungry edge of appetite?

The bed has become a place of luxury to me.

L. DAVIDSON—I would not exchange it for a thousand thrones.

M. PRICE—Modest and shy as a nun, is she.

H. McLAUGHLIN—'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

GENUNG'S WORKING PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC—That is a good book; opened
with expectation and closed with profit.

M. GIBSON—Who goeth a borrowing, goeth a sorrowing.

MISS GREY—Some must watch, while some must sleep.

R. HOWERTON—It is generally more profitable to reckon upon our defects than to boast of our attainments.
ANNUAL STAFF—Great thoughts, great feelings came to them like instincts, unawares.

LENA REINHARDT—Cheerful at morn, she wakes from long repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as she goes.

ATHA HICKS—In every deed of mischief she hath a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.

JULIA CHRISTIAN—Procrastination is the thief of time.

ELLEN NORFLEET—I am not in the roll of common men.

MISS WATKINS—Map me, no maps, sir; my head is a map—a map of the whole world.

JOSEPHINE MURPHY—Let the world slide, let the world go;

A fig for care and a fig for woe.

DR. BRIDGES—Abstruse and mystic thoughts you in ethics must express,
With painful care and seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest in plainest dress.

ATHA HICKS—Please go way and let me sleep.

ANNUAL STAFF—We have more zeal than wit.

NINA RAMSAY—Here I am, the same as ever,

In confinement as of yore;

Placed me in for rules I've broken

Many, many times before.

WALL FLOWERS AT D. RECEPTION.—Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

B. WYSOR { Don't go to another's room at all, but stay in your own at night.
E. CLARK { Deny yourself to friends that call,

J. MURPHY { After you've put out the light.

MISS WATKINS—Music sweeps by me as a messenger
Carrying a message that is not for me.

E. McDOWELL (in Psychology)—I wept for memory.

2:30-5:00 P. M., SUNDAY—Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give.

FACULTY—Uneasy be the heads of all
that rule,

Theirs worst of all whose kingdom
is a school.

MAUDE NOTTINGHAM—Oh, this learning!
What a thing it is!

MISS KIBBE—There spring the wild flow-
ers fair as can be.

COLLEGE LIBRARY—Every library should
try to be complete on some one
subject, if it were only the history
of pinheads.



The President's Hobby.



Nuntide

I lie at rest 'gainst Nature's bosom warm and deep,
And breathe into the clover-scented, breeze-blown air;
A thousand dancing, singing spirits 'round me creep;
I dream and listen—world, how wondrous bright and fair!
And when I look up where the sky's deeps deepest are,
To muse upon the Master Artist veiled there,
A murmur glides along the winds: "The blue lies far,
And God is in the clover blossoms bending here."

—N. WYOR



The Bells

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MOORE.)

That preparation bell! That preparation bell!
How many a tale does it always tell
Of girls who rise when they hear its chime
And just ten minutes until breakfast time.
Those few swift moments soon pass away,
And every girl will have to array
Herself with collar, belt, ribbon and all
On the stair-case leading to the breakfast hall.
And so it is throughout the year,
Every one rises with the prep. bell here;
Although we have a rising-bell,
What it sounds like, who can tell?



Examination Time

Examination time! Examination time!
Strolling to the exam. room
Always just on time;
You answer every question right,
And that's a very good sign
That you've not flunked, but passed on all
When it comes to marking time.

Wanted

WANTED—Anti-fat. Ilva Nottingham.

WANTED—A tonic. Margaret Nair.

WANTED—Silence in the Nair's and Wysor's room. Misses Watkins and Grier.

WANTED—Attention in plane Geometry. Miss Kibbe.

WANTED—A patent for unstopping gas jets. Atha Hicks and Louise Davidson.

WANTED—Money enough to pay for burning two gas jets. Eva Nair.

WANTED—Preventive for pneumonia. Miss Long.

WANTED—Pictures for our room. Misses McNeely and Presnell.

WANTED—An excuse from church. Student Body.

WANTED—A new ten cent syrup pitcher with an unbreakable top. Miss Martin.

WANTED—Something to reduce height. Lottie Ray, Blanche Rosebro, Linda Hendrix.

WANTED—A corps of policemen to conduct the girls to and from church. Dr. Bridges.

WANTED—Something to induce Miss Long to let us go out in the snow. Student Body.

WANTED—Specimens for the Botany Class. Miss Kibbe.

WANTED—By a young lady of vast possibilities but little experience, a position as teacher. A country school preferred. Terms cheap.

Address Miss P——, Presbyterian College, Charlotte.

NOTICE!!—Miss Long will be in her room every Saturday from 8 to 9 a. m., to furnish a list of all disorders, demerits, and restrictions to each and every applicant for such. Come early and avoid the rush.





P. C. BELLE

The Uacht Race on the Riber Styx

THE PICTURES given represent the different teachers engaged in their usual occupations. No. 1, for instance, is Dr. Bridges turning out the gas. Guess who the others are, and what they are doing? Also tell, in not more than twenty-five words, what you know of last year's celebration of April 1st. For your skill in solving the puzzles, and the originality, neatness, and general care shown in writing the article, we will give to the person sending a correct solution, and, in the judgment of the editor of the Annual, the best article on the above topic, a series of lectures on important questions of college life; for the second best, all our privileges, viz: going shopping once every three weeks with a shopping teacher; speaking to our *lady* friends on the street, provided we entirely ignore all others; attending church twice every Sabbath, duly protected by both teachers and policemen; and using the walks on the campus on condition we keep off the grass and the sidewalk. For the next forty-seven one demerit each will be given.

The only requirements for entering the contest are that the competitors forward us one dollar each, to be used in purchasing from the Faculty our good names and character, which we were obliged to barter to them for the above-mentioned premiums; and that the article and solution of the puzzles, together with the name and address of the competitor, be received by us not later than May 19, 1904.







Jokes (?)



- P. C. FRESH—"Generally speaking, girls are, are——"
D. C. FRESH—"Yes, they certainly are."
P. C. FRESH—"Are what?"
D. C. FRESH—"Generally speaking."

[At the Davidson reception.]

MISS WATKINS, in Bible Class—"What happened on Mt. Ararat?"
FRESH—"It was there that Abraham saw the burning bush!"

MISS WYSOR, in Junior English—"Who were the parents of William Shakespeare?"

MISS MURPHY—"Mr. and Mrs. Shakespeare."

MISS WATKINS, in Junior Bible—"Name one of the leading heresies of the Apostolic times."

MISS S.—"Vicarious atonement."

MISS WYSOR, in English—"Where did Shakespeare get his genius?"
MISS M.—"Pure intuition."

The following sentence is taken from a letter written by a Prep. to a friend: "I know you are in love with boarding school life and vice versa."

MISS MARTIN (in great wrath)—"I wonder who that is at that pencil sharpener—I'll go out there and wring her neck!" Miss Martin returned looking very meek, for the culprit was—Miss Long.

At the Davidson reception a young man came in wearing his card, "William Jones, Jr."

MISS X—"What class are you in?"

MR. JONES—"I am a Freshman."

MISS X—"I don't see why you have *Junior* on your card, then."

MISS KIBBE—"Miss Hicks, how shall I draw this line?"

MISS HICKS—"Draw it perpendicular to the *extremities* of that other line."

MISS ANTHONY, to Geology Class—"I saw a dike out walking this morning."

MISS M. B. P.—"You mean *Van Dyke*, Miss Anthony."

MISS POWE, in Elocution—"What tone is most commonly used?"
COURTNEY IRVING (half dreaming)—"Guttural."

Extract from a paper on Macbeth—"Lady Macbeth was a nice lady but she couldn't control her husband."

DR. ANNIE—"I can *not* give up those Freshmen! They *must* finish this Physiology! I *will* have four weeks more!"

MISS KIBBE—"Yes, but you have already had them over your time, you know. I *cannot* get through the Botany in *less* than half the year. As it is, I will have to hurry through *much* too fast."

DR. BRIDGES—"You will have split the difference."

WANTED—Something to say—CARRIE SMITH.

MISS MARTIN—"What does 'Ibid' mean?"

MISS ——"He was a great English writer, but I don't know what he wrote."

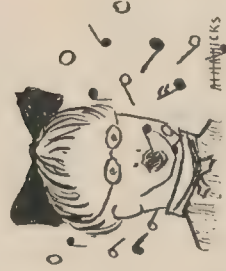
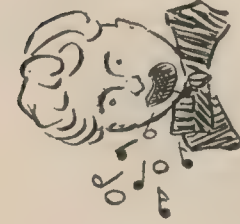
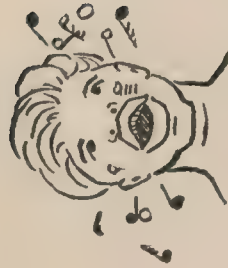


Reflections of a Mirror in the Moral Studio

THE MIRROR: How often I remember in the days gone by
How the girls stood before me, singing notes low and high.



TENNIS GIRL



Chorus Class

ELLEN NORFLEET
MARGARET MORRIS
MARY BOYD
MATTIE MCLEAN
LUCILE WHITE

MISS GRIER
JESSIE MOORE
JOSEPHINE MURPHY
LAURA CROMARTIE
MELVILLE GIBSON

MAUDE NOTTINGHAM
KATHERINE TAYLOR
MISS WYSOR
GERTRUDE MCFADYEN
FRANCES THORNTON

CARRIE COOK
NELLIE VAN STEWART
LINDA HENDRIX
PRINCESS MOSER
BENTLEY WYSOR

LUCY MCINTOSH
NAOMI COOK
BLANCHE ROSEBRO
EDNA WHISNANT
EVA NAIR

LOTTIE GRAY
RUTH LOWE
GRACE RANKIN

INEZ CRUMP
COURTNEY IRVING
MISS GUTHRIE



The
Unknown
Quantity

Farewell



Farewell, my friends, farewell forever !
You may come back but we will never,
Though separation should be our lot,
Oh, dearest friends, forget us not.

—F. L. T.



T H I S T H E N I S T H E

Presbyterian Annual

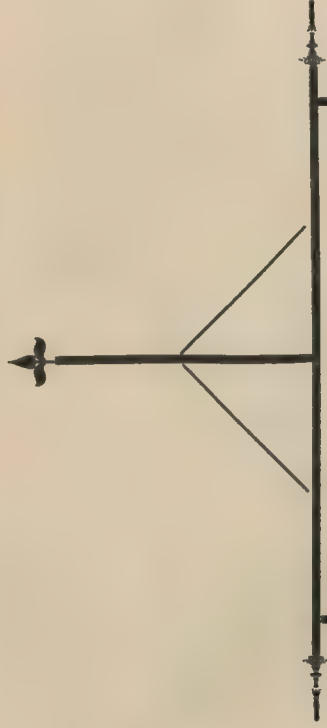
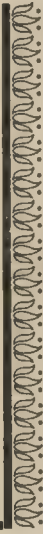
V O L U M E T W O

PRINTED IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR

THE type being made by the Inland Type Foundry,
the Engravings by Gatchel & Manning, and the
whole being done into a book and printed on an
Optimus press by the Osmond L. Barringer Company
of Charlotte, North Carolina, U. S. A. ¶ The edition
being limited to one hundred and eleven signed copies
of which this is No. 102

Osmond L. Manning

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THIRD—Thirty years' experience in the affairs of banking enables us to measure and meet the needs of our customers.

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A. G. BRENNER, CASHIER. ALBERT T. SUMMEY, TELLER



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Patent Kid Sandals, full Ionis heel, stylelike cut

Price, \$3.00

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IN EACH OF OUR TWENTY OR MORE DEPARTMENTS
WILL BE FOUND A CLASS OF MERCHANDISE SECOND TO
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also an up-to-date line of novelties in trimmings and ladies'
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For snap, style, comfort and beauty our celebrated Krippen-
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CENTEMERI KID GLOVES

We are sole agents for this world-wide known glove

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All kinds, the best ever sold for 10 and 20 cents per pound

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The Art Shop



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OUR SPECIALTIES

Dermal Balm for Relieving Sun-
burn and Rough Skin ❁ ❁ ❁
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Building

M Magnificent in size and appearance. Equipped with every modern convenience. Heated with steam. Hot and cold water on every floor. Rooms beautifully furnished, and limited to two girls.

Situation

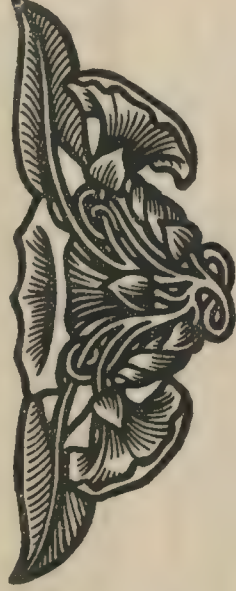
In a city of culture, in the famous Piedmont section, within a few blocks of stores and churches, and with cars at the gate

Facultas

♫ Tried teachers of successful experience. Musical advantages of the highest quality. The largest Pipe Organ in the South

五

¶ The best school in the South, considering the grade of scholarship, the fare, and the advantages of the building :: ::



SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Rev. J. R. BRIDGES, D. D.

Charlotte :: North Carolina

The Rummage Sale

Now the rummage sale is on,
Don't you know;
To the attic dim and cold

We will go.

We will hunt our last year's hats,
While the squeaking of the rats,
Comes to us from out the dark,
Soft and low.

Here's the shoes we often wore

To the dance;

That were patterned like a Queen's
Of old France.

With a sigh we brush them o'er,

For the days that are no more,

As we wonder who will now

In them prance.

Here's a pair of pillow shams

Trimmed in lace.

That within my turquoise room

Had a place

They're a little out of date,
We would call them second rate,
But the rummage sale, I know,
They will grace.

Tom's guitar with broken strings

There I see;

Mute reminder of his songs

Once to me.

To the rummage sale it goes

With this pair of faded hose,

And this jar three-quarters full

Of Oolong tea.

Here's the cloak I wore with pride

Year's ago;

And a bird cage, old and bent,

Stuffed with now.

They will bring a pretty price—

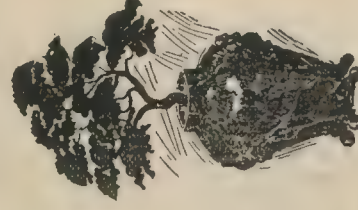
(Was that scampering of mice?)

I will send them with this cloak that

Will not go.

A little nonsense is sometimes necessary to attract attention, at the same time the above "jingle" is not bad. Insurance headquarters is the place to get your insurance. It is kept there on tap. Come early to avoid the rush.

C. N. G. Butt & Company
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To The Presbyterian
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Our New Spring and
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Footwear

is now ready and awaits
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We shall be pleased to
see you.

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Just Increased Our Facili-
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ments and Are Prepared
to Give All Work The
Best Attention :: Write
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*Proclaim the Artistic
Woman*

Having just returned from the North after an
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as a discriminating client-
ele should demand.



We invite inspection of our offerings and feel that our
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Miss M. Stuart

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*and Men's Furnishing
Goods*

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Long-Tate Clothing Co.

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¶ No use to pay full retail price for Bibles else-
where when you can get them in any style, of
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40 per cent. discount from us. ¶ We carry in
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with, and will always endeavor
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giving the best service in
our power. We

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With Folder Covers



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Because that is the most popular Book
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We bid for your trade

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That's what they are for

If you need your Doctor phone us and we'll get
him in the shortest time possible. If you want
your prescription filled phone us and we will
send a messenger boy after them. They will
be filled in our Prescription Department by
Pharmacists of long experience, and returned
by a messenger. We keep a boy for that pur-
pose. If you need anything in a Drug Store,
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The Gray Drug Company

Both Phones 21

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Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Meats
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"Bishop's California Fruits, Sauces," etc.

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PARTLY impelled by the eternal cry for "cheap things," partly urged on by greed, a class of manufacturers trusting in the lack of piano knowledge of the general public and the help of dealers who have nothing in common with the buyer or musical education of their children, outside of profit, have entered into the market with instruments that are not pianos at all, simply polished "thump boxes."

These "boxes" are wholesaled at figures at which it is utterly and absolutely impossible to build a decent, honest piano, never mind the size of the manufacturer's plant, what his facilities, ability or capital may be.

Such instruments are frauds and deceptions, and, strange to say, are usually sold at large prices. Skip all risks of this kind by patronizing the manufacturer of the Artistic Stieff Piano. Sold direct from factory to fireside.

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The best grade of everything at popular prices

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Large and complete stock of everything fashionable for the season and the best of talent to get up and trim your hats



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CALL TO SEE US OR SEND
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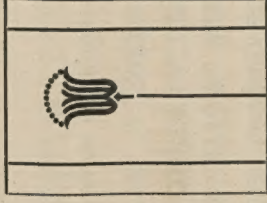
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Guarantee Satisfaction

Drs. Newell & McLaughlin

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DENTISTRY PRAC-
TICED IN ALL ITS
BRANCHES :: :: ::



No. 17 East Trade Street

Charlotte :: :: North Carolina

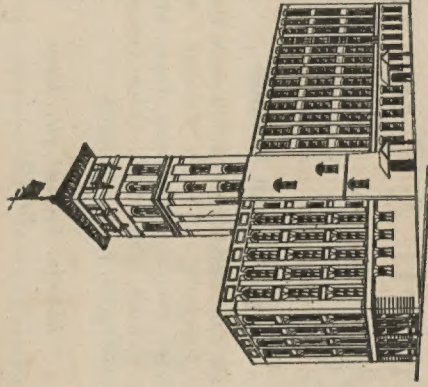
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WHOLESALE

GROCERS



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